

# THE Old Mans Complaint

as Followeth : 1680.

MY Prime is past, my Strength decay,  
My Youth is spent, my Head grows gray;  
My Eyes are dim, and waxeth Old,  
My Blood is dry, my Body cold;  
My Ears are dull, my Joynts are weak,  
My Teeth are gone, I scarce can speak:  
My Knees are lame, I cannot go:  
All's out of Frame from top to toe.  
My Sins are many, which cause me weep,  
And sigh and sob when I should sleep;  
My Glafs near run : I cannot stay,  
From hence to Grave I must away :  
But where my Soul shall placed be,  
Alas! that is Unknown to me:  
A Faithful Friend I hope to find,  
To Comfort my Distressed mind.



## A Friendly Admonition.

**Job Chap. 7.**  
*Verse 1.*  
**Revel. Ch. 6.**  
*v. 15, 16, 17.*  
**Job Chap. 10.**  
*ver. 3, 9.*  
**Joel Chap. 2.**  
*ver. 13.*  
**Gen. Chap. 7.**  
*v. 15, 16, 17.*  
**Gen. Chap. 3.**  
*ver. 6.*  
**Job Chap. 14.**  
*ver. 12.*  
**Heb. Chap. 9.**  
*ver. 27.*  
**Heb. Chap. 8.**  
*ver. 12.*  
**1 Cor. Ch. 15.**  
*ver. 32.*  
**Rev. Ch. 20.**  
*ver. 13.*  
**2 Cor. Ch. 5.**  
*ver. 10.*  
**Heb. Chap. 9.**  
*ver. 14.*  
**Heb. Ch. 10.**  
*ver. 17.*

**P**OOOR Aged Man! what cause thee cry?  
Dost thou not know that all must Dye?  
The Monarch Might and Princely Peer,  
Have we a biding City here?  
The Royal Blood and Noble Race  
Must all in time to Death give place.  
The Prelates Wise, and Lawyers Sage,  
Must silent be when Death's o'th Stage.  
Remember that thou art but Clay,  
And when Death comes thou must away:  
Therefore Repent while thou hast space,  
For after Death no hope of Grace.  
**JEHOVAH** High, whose Words are Just,  
Created Man of Earthy Dust:  
And placed him in EDEN fair,  
That goodly Garden to Repair;  
Wherein was many a Fruitful Tree,  
But one Forbidden, that Tasted he;  
For which Contempt GOD did Decree  
That into Dust Man turn'd should be:  
Whose Corps within the Earth should stay  
Until the Latter Judgement-Day:  
And then likewise if Just thou be,  
Returns to Him that gave it thee.  
Do not therefore Delight in Sin,  
Condemn'd are those that Dye therein.  
Our Saviour **CHRIST** doth plainly say,  
That he will have a Comming-Day,  
With Angels bright, whose Trump shall sound,  
And Raise all Dead wheresoever found;  
And then Account all Men must give,  
How Well or Ill they here did Live:  
Yet though thy Sins in Number be  
As Drops of Rain, or Sands i'th Sea;  
Or as the Starrs that shines i'th Ay,  
Do not with Cursed Cain Despair:  
For **CHRIST** hath Mercy left in store,  
For Thee and Me, and Thousands more.

In Love except of my Good Will, | And if my Name you do not know,  
Whose good desire exceeds my skill, | In Fifteen Letters I will it show.

With Fifteen Short PRAYERS as Followeth.

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Hat shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies from time to time bestowed upon me, I will confesse my sins as did holy *David*, and I will weep for them as did the Prophet *Jeremy*, and I will Fast as did the Prophet *Joel*, and I will Repent as did the *Ninevites*, and I will wait with Patience as did Holy *Job*, till the appointed time which the Lord hath set for my Change.

T is the Lord himself whose Word never failed, and whose compassion have no end; It is he that by his wonderful Providence, even when we were at the Pits brink, brought to light that most horrid Plot that the bloody-minded Papists had brought upon this Kingdom this last Year; for the which I blefs and praise his Holy Name, *Amen*.

Ord preserve my gracious King *Charles*, with all the loyal and religious hearts that stand up to defend the Gospel of *Jesus Christ*; and Lord I beseech thee to bring to light all such Plots as ever shall be plotted or imagined against them or this Nation; and that the Gospel may by my Royal Sovereign be maintained unto his lifes end, *Amen*.

Ay to thy helping hand, O Lord, and strengthen my weak Condition, and pour the Oyl of thy grace into my wounded Conscience, that I may ever walk in the light of thy Gospel, so that at last I may receive comfort for my poor soul, *Amen*.

Am, O Lord, Created by thy goodness after thy own Image, I beseech thee destroy not the work of thy own hands, but shew mercy unto me, and grant me thy gracious Pardon for all my sins, for Christ his Sake, my alone Saviour and Redeemer, *Amen*.

Dmit me, O most merciful Father, to thy gracious favour, for many are the dangers of this life, and I have none to defend me but thee; Heaven is thine, and the Earth is thine: keep me on Earth as one of thine, and good Lord in thy good time bring me to Heaven to rest with thee, for Christ his sake, *Amen*.

Oft gracious God, I have grievously sinned; what shall I do, O thou preserver of Men? O Lord I confesse nothing can be hid from thy presence; therefore I renouncing all merit in my self, do beg thy Gracious Pardon through the merits of *Jesus Christ*, by whom I was Redeemed, and it is he that hath made satisfaction for my sins.

Orget me not, O Lord, now I am Gray-headed, but Increase that little Grain of my weak and feeble Faith, and Direct it to the true Object, that is, the merits of *Jesus Christ*, and make me strong therein, that when I shall leave this Body to the Grave, I may be partaker of a joyful resurrection, in, and by the merits of *Jesus Christ* my Redeemer.

Rm me, O Lord, I beseech thee, with the Spiritual Shield of Faith against all temptations, and Establish my hope, and good Lord keep me from Despair, so shall I be able to resist the power of *Sathan*, and shall be comforted in thy mercies, through *Jesus Christ*.

Remember thy promise, O Lord, which thou hast made unto Mankind, that if he will repent him of his sins from the bottom of his heart, as did the Prophet *Ezekiel*, thou wilt have mercy, therefore O Lord I beseech thee again and again to have mercy on me, who with bended knees and unfeigned tears do beg thy gracious Pardon for Christ his sake, *Amen*.

Hough I have delighted in my sins, which are more in number than the hairs upon my head, or the Sands on the Sea-shore, Lord I beseech thee let thy Holy Spirit prepare me to a true and hearty sorrow for them, and with thy most precious Blood wash away all my sinful spots; And this I beg for Christ his sake, my onely Saviour and Redeemer.

Ear and accept of these my weak and humble petitions, O Lord, and for thy mercy sake bow down thine ear and hear me that is become a Worm, and no Man, and I beseech thee not to disdain these my requests, but except me into thy favour, *Amen*.

Efus thou the onely beloved Son of God, and Saviour of the whole World, who art the life of the Living, and the death of Death, and therefore both in Life and Death advantage; which sitteth at the Right Hand of God, making Intercession for all sorrowful and penitent sinners, to whom with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all Honour and Glory, now and for evermore, *Amen*.

Ow will I draw my Name to a conclusion, and once more give thanks unto the Lord for all his abundant mercies in such a wonderful manner from time to time bestowed upon me, which am by reason of my wicked life, unworthy the least of all his mercies; but it is his goodness that I had not been cut off by Death many years ago.

Reat and Wonderful hath thy mercies been shew'd toward me, and thy Compassions have no end, O Lord we have heard with our Ears, and our Fathers hath declared unto us, how thou didst of thy Wonderful Power, long since, overthrow that Invincible Armado, which was intended against our most Gracious Queen *ELIZABETH*, in the Year 1588. And likewise for the Delivery of our Dread Sovereign King *JAMES*, and the States of *Parliament*, from that most Horrid Plot and Bloody Massacre that the Papist had almost brought to pass the Gun-powder-Treason, in the Year, 1605. And now Lord, for us the Father to the Children, and the Old to the Young, shall Report how thou of thy great Mercy, and a most wonderful Providence of thine, diddest also Preserve my most Sovereign and Gracious Lord King *CHARLES* from that Secret and close-Contrived Plot that the Bloody-minded Papist had almost brought to pass against King and Nation in the last Year 1678. For which thy mercies, O Lord, we Blefs and Magnifie thy Great and Holy Name, beseeching thee to continue still thy Helping Hand to this Kingdom, and that we may the Remainder of our time, Live in thy Fear, Dye in thy Favour, Rest in thy Peace, Rise in thy Power, Remain in thy Glory for ever and ever, *Amen*.

The place of my Birth was at St. Johns, in the parts of Marshland,  
in the County of Norfolk, upon the One and Twentieth Day of  
June, in the Year of our Lord, 1621.

F I N I S.

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